POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

Thomas Flatman.

LONDON,

Printed by *S.* and *B. G.* for *Benjamin Took* at the Ship in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, and *Jonathan Edwin* at the three Roses in *Ludgate* Street, 1674.

POEMS

AND

SONGS.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

BY *long* Preſcription time out of mind, *the next Leafe to the* Title Page *claims an* EPISTLE to the READER; *I had the Project once in my own thoughts too: But the Market is ſo abominably* foreſtall'd *already with all manner of excuſes for Printing, that I could not poſſibly contrive* one,

that would look any thing New: *And beſides I never found, amongſt all the* Epistles *that I have read, that the beſt Rethorick in 'em could perſwade me to have a better opinion of the Books for* Their *ſakes: I am apt to believe the reſt of Mankind much of my humour in this particular, and therefore do here expoſe theſe few Reſults of my many Idle hours, to the mercy of the wide World, quite guiltleſs of* Addreſs *or* Ceremony. *And that* Reader, *who will not believe I had ſome to-*

tolerable

lerable Reaſon for This Publication, *cannot give me much diſturbance, becauſe I 'me ſure he is not at all acquainted with*

T. F.

April 10. 1674.

To

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND Mr. *THOMAS FLAIMAN* *on the publiſhing of his* Poems.

I.

I think, thou art not well advis'd my Friend,
To bring thy ſpriteley *Poems* on the ſtage,
Now, when the *Muſes* Empire's at an end,
And there's none left that feel Poetic rage,
Now *Cowley's* dead, the glory of the age,
And all the leſſer ſinging birds are ſtarv'd ith' cage.

II

Nor was it well done, to permit my *Buſh*
Ny *Holly Buſh*, to hang before thy *Wine*
For friends Applauſes are not worth a *Ruſh*,
And every fool can get a gilded ſigne.

In

In troth, I have no faculty at praiſe,
My *Buſh* is very full of *thorns*, tho it ſeems *Bays*.

III.

When I would praiſe, I cannot find a Ryme,
But if I have a juſt pretence to rail,
They come in numerous throngs at any time,
Their Everlaſting fountains never fail,
They come in troops and for employment pray,
If I have any wit, it lyes only that way.

IV.

But yet I'le try, if thou wilt rid thy mind
Of thoughts of *Rhyming*, and of *writing* well,
And Bend thy ſtudies to another kind,
I mean in *Craft* and *Riches* to excel,
If thou deſert thy friends and better wine,
And pay'ſt no more attendance on the *needy Nine*.

Go

V.

Go and renounce thy *Wit* and thy *good parts*,
Wit and *good parts* great *Enemies to wealth*,
And barter *Honesty* for more *thriving Arts*,
Prize *Gold*, before a *good name*, *ease*, *and health*.
Answer the *Dog* and *Bottle*, and maintain
There's great *Ease* in a *yoak*, and *freedome* in a *chain*.

VI.

I'le love thee now when this is done, I'le try
To sing thy praise, and force my *honest Muse* to *ly*.

WALTER POPE.

ON THE
EXCELLENT POEMS
OF MY
Moſt VVorthy Friend
Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN.*

YOu happy *Iſſue* of a happy wit,
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,
Welcome into the *Light*, and may we be
Worthy ſo happy a Poſterity.
Wee long have wiſh't for ſomething *excellent*;
But ne're till now knew rightly what it meant:
For though wee have been gratifi'd 'tis true,
From Several hands with things both *fine* and *new*,
The *Wits* muſt pardon me if I profeſs,
That 'till this time the over-teeming preſs
Ne're ſet out *Poeſy* in ſo *true* a *dreſs*:
Nor is it *all*, to have a ſhare of *wit*,
There muſt be *judgment too* to manage it;
For *Fancy's* like a rough, but ready *Horſe*,

Whoſe

Whoſe mouth is govern'd more by *ſkil* than *force*,
Wherein (*my Freind*) you do a *maiſtry* own,
If not particular to you alone;
Yet ſuch at leaſt as to all eyes declares
Your *Pegaſus* the beſt performes his *Ayres*.
Your *Muſe* can humor all her ſubjects ſo,
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know*;
And the moſt firm impenetrable breaſt
With the ſame *paſſion* that *you writ's* poſſeſt
Your *line* are *Rules*, which who ſhall well obſerve
Shall even in their *errors* praiſe deſerve:
The boyling youth, whoſe blood is all on fire,
Puſh't on by Vanity, and hot deſire,
May learn ſuch conduct here, men may approve
And not *excuſe*, but even *applaud* his *love*.
Ovid who made an *ART* of what to all,
Is in it ſelfe but *too too natural*,
Had he but read *your verſe*, might there have ſeen
The *ſtile* of which his *Precepts* ſhould have been
And (which it ſeemes he knew not) learn't from
thence.

To

To reconcile *frailty* with *Innocence*.
The *Love you* write, *Virgins* and *Boyes* may read
And never be *debaucht* but *better bred*,
For without *love Beauty* would bear no price,
And *dulneſs* than *deſire's* a greater vice,
Your greater ſubjects with ſuch *force* are writ
So full of *Sinewy* ſtrength, as well as wit,
That when *you* are *Religious*, our *Divines*
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your lines*.
And when *you* reaſon, *there* the learned Crew
May learn to *ſpeculate* and ſpeake from *you*.
You no *prophane*, no *obſcene* language uſe
To *ſmut your paper* or *defile your Muſe*,
Your gayeſt things, as well *expreſt*, as meant
Are equally both *Queint*, and *Innocent*.
But *your Pindarick Odes* indeed are ſuch,
That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own skillful touch
Ne're yeilded ſuch an *Harmony* nor yet
Verſe keep ſuch time on ſo *unequal feet*
o by his own generous confeſſion

Great

Great *Taſſo* by *Guarini* was out done
And (which in *Coppying* ſeldome does befal)
The *Eſſype's* better than th' *Original.*
But whilſt *your* Fame I labour to ſend forth,
By the ill doing it I cloud your worth,
In *ſomething* all mankind *unhappy* are
And you as *mortal* too muſt have your ſhare
'Tis your misfortune to have found a *freind*,
Who *hurts* & *injures* where he would *commend*:
But let *this* be your comfort, that *your Bayes*
Shall *flouriſh green*, mauger an *ill couch't Praiſe*.

CHARLES COTTON.

---

oT

TO MY
FRIEND
Mr. THOMAS FLAIMAN
upon the publication of his
POEMS.

I.

AS when a *Prince* his *Standard* do's *erect*,
And calls his Subjects to the *Feild*:
From ſuch as Early take his ſide,
And readily obedience yeild;
He is inſtructed where he may ſuſpect;
And where he ſafely may confide:
So Mighty *Friend*!
That you may ſee.
A perfect Evidence of Loyalty;
No buſineſs I pretend,

My ſelf I diſengage
From all the Incumbrances of humane life
From nouriſhing the ſinful peoples ſtrife,
And all th' infirmities of age.

II.

Domeſtique care, the minds incurable diſeaſe,
That (till the laſt Emperiment) expects no eaſe,
Dependance to the only thing
That next to *God*, and (his *Annoynted* here) the *King*)
I will (if poſſible) forget;
My thoughts I will in order ſet;
My faſt *Allegiance* I am bound to ſhow;
And (though I cannot quite diſſolve the debt)
I muſt acknowledge what I ow.

III.

But what alas! will our deſire avail,
When active ſtrength and vigour fail?

'Tis

'Tis well *thou* haſt more Potent *Combatants*, than I
That may protect thy Imortality.
If Envy that Attaqu'es the beſt of things
And into Rigid queſtion brings
The moſt undoubted Regiſters of Fame;
If Envy ſhall aſſault thy white & ſpotleſs name,
Their whole Artillery let them diſpence:
Their Peirceing wit and murd'ring Eloquence,
Noble conceit and Manly Sence,
Charming *Numbers* let then ſhine,
And dazle dead in every line
The moſt malicious of thy Foes.
Though Hell it ſelf ſhould offer to oppoſe,
I (thy decrepit Subject) only can Reſigne
The little life of Art is left, to Ranſome thine:
If a Dart I may prevent,
Which at thy repute was meant;
Let them all direct at me.
By dying in this *Holy War*,

I possibly may share,
By accident in thy Infallible Eternity.

IV.

But Mighty *Friend*!
(Before it be too late)
Let us a while expostulate.
What Heat of Glory call'd thee on
Thy learned *Empire* to *extend*,
Beyond the *limits* of thy Vast *Dominion*?
At home already thou wert crown'd with Bayes: (to raise.
Why do'st thou forreign Trophies seek
Poets Arcana's have of Government.
And though the *Homagers* of thine owne *Continent*,
Out of a Sense of duty do submit,
Yet *Printing* (*Sir*) a jealous fear creates,
And shews a laid *design*
Unto the Neighbouring *Potentates*

Then

Then into all thy *ſecret Arts* they pry?
And weigh each Circumſtance of *polity*;
Offenſive and *Defenſive* Leagues they twine,
In *Councells* and *Cabals* they ſit
Induſtriouſly they all Combine
Againſt the *univerſal Monarchy of wit*,

V.

Hence then prepare for an *Invaſion*:
Not from any *European* civiliz'd Nation.
They differ only circumſtantially,
Concerning niceties in *Poeſy*;
And all allow thy Art, Order, and Rules of Decency,
We all *agree* in principles, nere was yet
A perfect Beauty or *unerring Wit*.

VI.

Ah *Freind!* I fear the Barbarous,
(The *Infidel unletter'd Crew* I mean)

That of no wit approve, but what's profane or els
obscene:
These by far out number us,
And by Hostility possess
The Worlds much greater part,
Like Mahumetans themselves, they openly profess
The Common *Enemies* of our *Beleise and Art*,
If these should an advantage take!
And on thy Glory *depredation* make,
You must submit to the Unhappiness,
The Vulgar, measure *Arts* (like *Valour*) by *Success*,
If the *Battel* be not won
If the *Author* do not *sell*;
Into their dull capacities it will not Sink,
They cannot with deliberation think:
How bravely the *Commander led them on*,
Nor wherein the *Books* was written *well:*
(When tis a thing impossible to do,)
He cannot find his *Army courage* (*Sir*) nor *you*
Your *Readers Learning*, *Wit*, and *Judgment* too.

To

TO HIS
ESTEEMED FRIEND
Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN
upon the publiſhing of his
POEMS.

YOur *Poems* (*Freind*) come on the publick Stage
In a Debauch'd, and a Cenſorious Age;
Where nothing now is counted *Standard Wit*,
But what's Prophane, Obſcene, or 's Bad as it.
For our great *Wits*, like *Gallants* of the Times,
(And ſuch they are) Court only thoſe Looſe Rhimes,
Which like their *Miſſes Patch't* and *Painted* are;
But ſcorn what Vertuous is, and truely Faire
Such as your *Muſe* is, who with Careful Art
For all but *ſuch*, hath wiſely fram'd a Part.

One while (methinks) Under some *Gloomy Shade*
I see the *Melancholly Lover* Laid,
Pleasing himself in that his Pensive Fit
With what you have on such Occasion writ.
Another while (me thinks) I seem to Hear
'Mongst those, who sometimes will unbend their Care.
And steal themselves out from the busie Throng
Your pleasant *Songs* in solemne *Consort Sung*.
Again (me thinks) I see the grave *Divine*
Lay by his other *Books*, to Look on *thine*,
And from thy serious and *Divine Review*
See what our duty is, and his own too.
Yet *worthy Freind* you can't but Guesse what doome
Is like to pass on what you 've writ by some
But there are others, now *your Book* Comes forth,
Who (I am Sure) will prize it as 'tis worth,

Who

Who know it fully fraught with *Staple ware*,
Such as the *works* of the brave *Cowly* are,
And 'mongst our rareſt Engliſh *Poems*, Thine
Next unto *His*, immortally ſhall ſhine,

RIC. NEWCOURT.

To

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN* *upon the publiſhing of his* POEMS.

RUde, and unpoliſht as my lines can be,
I muſt ſtart forth into the world with Thee.
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raiſe,
Now 'tis made *Publiqu*' challenge's my prayſe:
Such Miracles thy Charming Verſe can do,
Where 'ere it goes, It draw's me with it too.
This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muſe*!
Tranſported with delight I cannot chuſe
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,
How much I value what is writ ſo well;
Tho' Thou reap'ſt no advantage by my Rhime,
More than a Taper helps the Day to ſhine.

The

Thus in *dull Pompe* do's th' *Empty Coach* attend
To pay reſpect to ſome *departed* frend!
The difference of Regard in this doe's ly,
That Honours *Duſt*, *Mine That* which cannot *Dy*:
For what can blaſt the labours of thy Pen
While wit, and vertue are allow'd by men?
Thou entertein'ſt the world with ſuch a feaſt,
So cleanly and ſo elegantly dre'ſt,
So ſtor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modeſt Appetite ſuffice;
Who ever is thy Gueſt is ſure to find
Something or other that may pleaſe his mind:
Sometimes in *Pious Flame* thy *Muſe* aſpires
Her boſome warm'd with ſupernatural fires;
In noble flights with *Pindar*, ſoar's above;
Dallie's ſometime with *not-indecent Love*,
Thence down into the *Grave* doe's humbly creep,
And renders *Death* deſirable as *Sleep*.
The *Debuonair*, the *Melancholy Heer*
Find matter for their mirth, eaſe for their Care

Eaſie

Easie thy Verse, Clean thy Conceptions are,
Neither too proud, Nor too familiar.
Since such Provision's made for all that come.
He must be *squeamish* that goe's *Empty* home;
If *These Refections* cannot do him good,
'Tis 'cause his *stomack's Vitious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

To

TO MY
DEAR FRIEND
Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*
upon the publication of his
POEMS.

PINDARIQUE ODE.

I.

WIthin the haunted thicket, where
The feather'd *Choriſters* are met to play;
And celebrate with voices clear,
And accent ſweets, the praiſe of *May*:
The *Ouzel*, *Thruſh*, and ſpeckled *Lark*,
And *Philomel*, that loves the *dawn* and *dark*:
Theſe (*the inſpired throng*)
In *numbers ſmooth*, and *ſtrong*
Adorn their *noble Theme* with an immortal *Song*,
While, woods, and vaults, the brook and neighbouring hill,
Repeat the varied cloſe, and the melodious *Trill*.

Here

II.

Here feaſt your *ears*, but let your *eye*,
Wander, and ſee one of the leſſer frie;
Under a leaf, or on a danceing twig,
Ruffle his *painted feathers*, and *look big*,
Pirk up his tayle, and hop between,
The boughs; *by moving, only to be ſeen*,
Perhaps his *troubled breaſt* he *prunes*
As he doth *meditate* on his *tunes*:
At laſt (*compoſ'd*) his little head he rears,
Towards (what he ſtrives to imitate,) the *Spheares*;
And chirping then begins his beſt,
Falls on to *Pipe among the reſt*;
Deeming that *all's not worth a ruſh*,
Without *his whiſtle from the buſh*.

III.

Th' *harmonious ſound* did reach my ear,

Which

That *eccho'd Thy* clear *name*,
Which all muſt know, who e're did hear,
Of *Cowley* or *Orinda's* fame:
I heard the *Genius*, with ſurprizing grace,
Would viſit us with his fair off ſpring, gay
As is the morning *Spring* in *May*;
But fairer much and of *immortal race*:

IV.

Delighted greatly, as *I liſtning* ſtood,
The *ſound* came from each corner of the *wood*;
It both the *ſhrubs*, and *Cedars* ſhak't,
And *my* drowſy *Muſe* awak't;
Strange, that the *ſound* ſhould be ſo ſhrill,
That had its *paſſage* through a *Quil*.
Then I reſolv'd *Thy* praiſes to rehearſe,
The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*
Of thy *learn'd Freinds* that *ſing ſo loud*:
But 'twas not to be *ſung*, or reacht in *verſe*.

By

For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latium* too
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *Thou*) mak'ſt *true*.
And all the *Miracles* which they could ſhow,
Remain no longer *Faith*; but Science now,
Thou doſt thoſe things that noman elſe durſt do,
Thou *Paint'ſt* the *lightning* and the *Thunder* too!
The *Soul* and *Voice*!
Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romaniſt* conſent,
To Break the *Second* great *Commandements*:
And them perſwade an *Adoration* giv'n
In *Picture*, will as Grateful be to Heav'n
As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Exceſs*;
But yet thy ingenuity makes it *leſs*.
With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou doſt all out ſhine
In *Speaking Picture*, *Poeſy Divine*.
Poets, *Creators* are! You make us *Know*
Thoſe are *Above*, and *Dread* thoſe are *Below*;
But 'tis no Wonder you ſuch things can *Dare*
That *Painter*, *Poet*, and A *Prophet* are.

The

The *Starrs* themſelves, think it no Scorn to be
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.
Thou Knowſt their Virtue, and their Scituation,
The Fate of Years, and every great *Mutation*,
With the ſame Kindneſs let *them* look on Earth;
As when they gave thee firſt *thy Happy Birth*!
The ſober *Saturne Aſpects*, *Cinthia* bright,
Reſigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*.
The Gentle *Venus* Roſe with *Mercury*,
(Preſage of *Softneſs* in thy *Poeſy*)
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*
Do ſtill give *Spirit* to thy *Poliſh'd Line*.
Thou *mayſt* do what thou *wilt* without *controul*:
Onely thy ſelf and Heav'n can Paint thy Soul.

FRANC. BERNARD.

THE

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POEMS.

POEMS.

To the memory of the incomparable ORINDA.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

ALong Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble or brave in woman-kind;
To all the wonders of their wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone:
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on earth, but ashes left behind:
E'r since the amazing sound was spread
Orinda's dead,

Every ſoft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford;
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to ſet the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthleſs world would ſtay:
Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the ſhore the diſmal tidings rol'd;
The leſſer Gods their Fanes forſook,
Confounded with the mighty ſtroke,
They could not over live that fatal day,
But ſigh'd & groan'd their gaſping *Oracles* away.

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate!
And how ſevere that black decree!
No ſublunary thing is free,
But all muſt enter th' *Adamantine* Gate:
Sooner, or later muſt we come
To Natures dark retiring Room:
And yet 'tis pity, Is it not?

The

The Learned, as the Fool should die,
One, full as low, as t'other high;
Together blended in the general lot!
Distinguish't only from the common Croud
By an *hing'd Coffin* or a *Holland Shrond*,
Tho Fame and Honour speak them ne'r so loud.
Alas *Orinda*! even Thou!
Whose happy Verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give,
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now:
The Laurel withers o're the brow,
Methinks it should disturb Thee to conceive
That when poor I, this artless breath resign,
My dust should have as much of Poetry as thine!

III.

Too soon we languish with desire,
Of what we never could enough admire:
On th' billows of this world sometimes we rise,
So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh:

When all in rage,
(Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very self-same fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave
Swoln to a Mountain sinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals if the powers above,
As merciful would be,
And easie to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,
They fix a *flaming sword* twixt us and *Paradise*!
A weeping evening blur's a smiling day,
Yet why should heads of gold have feet of Clay?
Why should the man that wav'd th' *Almighty* (*wand*,
That led the murmuring Croud
By *Pillar* and by *Cloud*,
Shivering a top of Aery *Pisgah* stand
Only to see, but never, never tread the *Promis'd* (*Land*

Throw!

IV.

Throw your ſwords and gantlets by
You daring Sons of War!
You cannot purchaſe e're you die
One honourable ſcar,
Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayſe;
That in Hero'ck numbers wrote your praiſe,
That you might ſafely ſleep in Honours bed,
It ſelf alas is wither'd, cold, and dead,
Cold and dead are all thoſe charmes
That burniſht your victorious arms;
Thoſe uſeleſs things hereafter muſt
Bluſh firſt in blood, and then in ruſt?
No oil, but that of her ſmooth words can ſerve,
Weapon and Warriour to preſerve.
Expect no more from this Dull Age
But folly, or Poëtick rage,
Short-liv'd nothings of the ſtage,
Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down;
With her the ſoul of Poeſie is gone,

Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch, as she has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown.
E're th'drowsie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was (come down.

V.

You of *the Sex* that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by *Orinda's* Tomb,
And leave your flattering glass at home,
Within that marble Mirror see,
How one day such as she
You must, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole,
Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,
'Twas she made *Pompey* truely *Great*;
Neither the purchase of his sweat
Nor yet *Cornelia's* kindness made him live again

With

With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was
(her due.

The Review.

Pindarique Ode to Dr. W. S.

Stanza I.

WHen first I stept into th' alluring Maze
To tread the world's mysterious ways,
Alas! I had nor guide nor clue,
No *Ariadne* lent her hand,
Not one of *Vertue's* Guards did bid me stand,
Or ask't me what I meant to do,
Or whither I would go:
This Lab'rinth so pleasant did appear,
I lost my self with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent,
Out straggled *Homer's* crafty *Wanderer*,
And ten years more than he, in fruitless Travels
spent;

The one half of my Life is gone,
The ſhadow the *Meridian* paſt;
Death's diſmal even drawing on,
Which will with damps and miſts be overcaſt,
An Evening, that will ſurely come,
Tis time, high time to give my ſelf the welcome (home.

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd,
That all the *Royal Preacher* ſaid, was true,
When firſt I entred on the Stage,
And vanity ſo hotly did purſue;
Convinc't by his experience, not my age:
I had my ſelf long ſince retriev'd,
I ſhould have let the Curtain down,
Before the fools part had begun:
But I throughout the tedious play have been
Concern'd in every buſie Scene;
Too too inquiſitive I try'd
Now this, anon another Face,
And then a third, more odd, took place,

Was

Was every thing, but what I was,
Such was my *Protean* folly, ſuch my pride
Befool'd through all the Tragy-Comedy,
Where others met with hiſſing to expect a *Plau-*
dite.

III.

I had a mind the *Paſtoral* to prove,
Searching for happineſs in Love,
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by,
The Dove, which has no gall,
The Boy no dangerous arms at all;
They do thee wrong (great Love) ſaid I,
Much wrong, great Love! —ſcarce had I ſpoke
'Ere into my unwary boſome came
An inextinguiſhable flame:
From fair *Amira*'s eyes the lightening broke,
That left me, more than Thunder-ſtroke;
She carries tempeſt in that lovely name:
Love's mighty, and tumultuous pain
Diſorders Nature like an Hurricane.

Yet

Yet could nt I believe ſuch ſtorms could be,
When I lanch't forth to Sea;
Promis'd my ſelf a calm, and eaſie way,
Though I had ſeen before,
Piteous ruins on the ſhore,
And on the naked beach *Leander* breathleſs lay.

IV.

To extricate my ſelf from Love
Which I could ill obey, but worſe command,
I took my Pencils in my hand,
With that Artillery for Conqueſt ſtrove,
Like wiſe *Pigmalion* then did I
My ſelf deſign my Deity;
Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:
If ſhe did frown, one daſh could make her ſmile,
All bickerings one eaſie ſtroak could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no *Idea* ſo divine:
Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
While in my eyes my Soul did play,
Thus did the time, and thus my ſelf beguile;

Till

Till on a day, but then I knew not why,
A tear fall'n from my ey,
Waſh't out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity:
Prophetique chance; the lines are gone,
And I muſt mourn o're what I doted on:
I find even *Giotto's Circle* has not all perfection

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd;
Verſe that emancipates the mind,
Verſe that unbends the Soul;
That Amulet of ſickly fame,
Verſe that from *wind* articulate's *Name*;
Verſe for both fortunes fit, to ſmile & to condole.
'Ere I had long the tryal made,
A ſerious thought made me afraid:
For I had heard *Parnaſſus* ſacred Hill,
Was ſo prodigiouſly high,
'Its barren up ſo near the Skie;
The *Æther* there
So very pure, ſo ſubtle, and ſo rare,

'Twould

'Twould a *Cameleon* kill
The beaſt that is all lungs, and feeds on aire:
Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,
Like Pilgrims, ſhare the leſs of what's below:
Hence 'tis they go repining on,
And murmure more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curſe their ſtars in ponderous Rhimes,
And in grave numbers grumble at the times;
Yet where th' Illuſtrious *Cowley* led the way,
I thought it great diſcretion there to go aſtray.

VI.

From liberal arts, to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not ambition did me draw;
I look't at awful Quoife, and ſcarlet Gown
Through others opticks not my own:
Unty the *Gordian knot* that will,
I ſee no Rhetorick at all
In them that learnedly can brawl,
And fill with mercenary breath the ſpatious Hall;
Let me be peaceable, let me be ſtill:

The

The solitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,
With strength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains and did make
The solid Earth's foundations shake,
He saw the dreadful fire, & heard the horrid noise,
But found what he expected in the *smal stil voice.*

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,
But I must try
A pitch more high,
To read the starry language of the East;
And with *Caldean* Curiosity
Presum'd to solve the Riddles of the Skie;
Impatient till I knew my doom,
Dejected till the good *direction* come,
I ripp't up Fate's forbidden womb,
Nor would I stay till it brought forth
An easie and a natural birth,
But was solicitous to know
The yet mishapen *Embrio*,

(Prepo-

(Prepoſterous crime)
Without the formal Midwifry of time:
Fond man! as if too little grief were given
On earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven;
Permits himſelf with fear to be unman'd,
Belſhazzar like grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at the writing of the hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians* (underſtand.

VIII.

And now at laſt what's the reſult of all?
Should the ſtrict *Audit* come,
And for th'Accompt too early call;
A num'rous heap of Ciphers would be found the (total ſum
When incompaſſionate Age ſhall plow
The delicate *Amira's* brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy youth is he

Will

Will after that a Reaper be,
Or ſing the harveſt Song?
And what is Verſe, but an effeminate vent
Either of Luſt or Diſcontent?
Colours will *ſtarve*, and all their glories die,
Invented onely to deceive the eye;
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,
There's nothing in *Aſtrology*,
But *Delphick* ambiguity;
We are miſguided in the dark, and thus
Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*:
Yet pardon me you glorious lamps of light,
'Twas one of you that led the way,
Diſpell'd the gloomy night,
Became a *Phoſper* to th'Eternal Day,
And ſhew'd the *Magi* where th' *Almighty Infant* lay.

And

IX.

At length the doubtful Victory's won,
It was a cunning ambuscade
The world for my felicities had laid;
Yet now at length the day's our own.
Now Conqueror like let us new Laws set down,
Henceforth let all our Love *Seraphick* turn,
The sprightly and the vigorous flame
On th' Altar let it ever burn,
And sacrifice it's ancient name
A Tablet on my heart, next I'le prepare
Where I would draw the holy Sepulchre,
Behind it a soft Landskip I would lay
Of Melancholly *Golgotha*:
On th' Altar let me all my spoils lay down,
And if I had One, there I'de hang my Laurel Crown.
Give me the *Pandects* of the Law divine,
Such was the Law made *Moses* face to shine.

Thus

Thus beyond *Saturns* heavy *Orb* I'le towre,
And laugh at his malicious power,
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'le go
Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toſt on the wings of every wind,
After theſe hoverings too and fro;
(And ſtill the waters higher grow)
Not knowing where a reſting place to find,
Whether for Sanctuary ſhould I go
But (Reverend Friend!) to you,
You that have triumpht o're th'impetuous flood,
That *Noah* like, in bad times durſt be good,
And the ſtiffe Torrent manfully withſtood,
Can ſave me too;
One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
Surrounded by the rolling waves of ſin,
Do You but reach out a propitious hand
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet deſpair to ſee dry land.

'Tis done; —I and no longer fluctuate
I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill
my *Ararat*.

To my worthy Friend Mr. Sam. Woodford, *on his excellent Version of the Psalms.*

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

SEe (worthy friend) what I would do;
(Whom neither Muse nor art inspire)
That have no friend in all the sacred Quire,
To shew my kindness for your Book, and you,
Forc'd to disparage, what I would admire:
Bold man that dare's attempt Pindariqu' now,
Since the great *Pindar's* greatest son
From the ingrateful Age is gone,
Cowley ha's bid th'ingrateful Age adieu;

Apollo's

Apollo's rare *Columbus*, he
Found out new worlds of Poesie:
He, like an Eagle soar'd aloft
To seize his noble prey;
Yet as a Dove's, his soul was soft;
Quiet as night, but bright as Day:
To heaven in a fiery charriot He
Ascended by *Seraphiqu'* Poëtrie;
Yet which of us dull Mortals since can find
Any inspiring Mantle, that He left behinde?

II.

His powerful Numbers might have done you right;
He could have spar'd you immortalitie,
Under that Cheiftaine's banners you might fight
Assur'd of Laurels, and of Victorie
Over devouring time, and sword, and fire,
And *Jove's* important ire:
My humble verse would better sing
David the *shepheard*, than the *King*:

And yet methinks 'tis ſtately to be one,
Tho' of the meaner ſort,
Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,
If 'twere but to be ſeen at Court.
Such (Sir) is my ambition for a name,
Which I ſhall rather take from you, than give,
For in your Book I cannot miſs of Fame,
But by contact ſhall live.
Thus on your Chariot Wheel ſhall I
Ride ſafe, and look as big as *Æſops* Fly,
Who from th' *Olympian* race new come,
And now triumphantly flown home,
To's neighbours of the ſwarm, thus, proudly ſaid,
Don't you remember what a duſt I made!

III.

Where e're the Son of *Jeſſe*'s harp ſhall ſound,
Or *Iſrael's* ſweeteſt Songs be ſung
(Like *Sampſon's* Lion ſweet and ſtrong)
You and your happy Muſe ſhall be renown'd,

To

To whose kind hand the Son of *Jesse* owes
His last deliverance from all his Foes.
Bloud-thirsty *Saul* less barbarous than they,
His person only sought to kill;
These did his deathless Poëms slay,
And sought immortal blood to spill,
To sing whose Songs in *Babylon* would be
A new Captivity:
Deposed by these Rebels, you alone
Restore the glorious *David* to his Throne.
Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,
Long from his own thoughts banished,
Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day
Was Scepter in his haad, or Crown plac't on his head:
He seem'd as if at *Gath* he still had bin,
As once before proud *Achish* he appear'd,
His Face besmear'd,
With spittle on his sacred beard,
A laughing stock to the insulting *Philistine*.

Dreſt in their Rhimes, he lookt as he were mad,
In *Tyſſue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad.

On the Death of the truely valiant Geoge *Duke of* Albemarle.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOw bluſh thy ſelfe into confuſion
Ridiculous mortality;
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that court Eternity;
Whoſe generous deeds, and proſperous ſtate
Seem poorly ſet within the reach of fate,
Whoſe every Trophy, and each Laurel wreath
Depends upon a little breath;
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time,
And of incertain age,

With doubtful hazards they engage, (climb;
Thrown down, while victory bids them higher
Their glories are ecclips'd by death'
Hard circumstances of illustrous men
Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detaines
Within the Bodies chaines
(Nature that rigorous *Tamberlaine*)
Stout *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that insulting Conquerour,
Bravely himself usurp't his own expiring power
By dashing out his braines against his Iron Cage

11.

But 'tis indecent to complain,
And wretched mortalls curse their stars in vain,
In vain they waste their tears for them that die,
Themselves involv'd in the same destiny,
No more with sorrow let it then be said
The glorious *Albemarle* is dead;
Let what is said of Him triumphant be,

Words as gay, as is His fame,
And as manly as his name,
Words as ample as his praiſe,
And as verdant as his bayes,
An *Epinicion*, not an *Elegy*.

Yet why ſhould'ſt thou, ambitious Muſe, believe
Thy gloomy Verſe, can any ſplendors give,
Or make him one ſmall moment longer live?
Nothing but what is vulgar thou canſt ſay;
Or miſbecoming numbers ſing
What Tribute to his memory canſt thou pay,
Whoſe vertue ſav'd a Crown, and could oblige
a King!

III.

Many a year diſtreſſed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-ſpring torne,
Once the Worlds terrour, then its ſcorn,
At home a Priſon, and a broad a Prey:
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual blood did ſpill,

Uſurpers

Uſurpers then, and many a Muſhroom Peer
Within her Palaces did domineer;
There did the *Vulture* build his Neſt,
There the Owles, and Satyrs reſt,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all poſſeſt,
'Till *England's* Angel Guardian, Thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd
(Olive Chapplets on thy brow)
With bloudleſs hands upheld'ſt her drooping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dſt her from the dead.
Bright *Phoſper* to the riſing Sun!
That Royal Lamp, by Thee did firſt appear
Uſher'd into our happy Hemiſphære;
O may it ſtill ſhine bright and clear!
No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a conſtant Noon!

IV.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour ceaſe;
Or wither with unactive peace:

Scarce

Scarce were our Civil broyles allay'd,
While yet the wound of an inteſtine war,
Had left a tender ſcar,
When of our new Proſperities afraid
Our Jealous Neighbours fatal armes prepare;
In floating groves the enemy drew near,
Loud did the *Belgian Lyon* roar,
Upon our Coaſts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durſt attempt our native ſhore,
Till His victorious ſquadrons check't their pride
And did in Triumph are the Ocean ride,
With thunder, lightning, & with clouds of ſmoke
He did their inſolence reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the Main,
Whoſe ſurly billows trembled when he ſpoke,
And put their willing necks unde his Yoke;
This the ſtupendious Vanquiſher has done,
Whoſe high prerogative it was a lone
To raiſe a ruin'd, and ſecure an Envy'd Throne.

Then

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From heaven a dreadful Peſtilence came down:
On very ſide did lamentations riſe,
Baleful ſigh, and heavy groane,
All was plain't, and all was moan!
The pious friend with trembling Love
Scarce had his lateſt kindneſs done
In ſealing up his dead friends eyes,
Ere with his own ſurprizing fate he ſtrove,
And wanted one to cloſe his own,
Death's Iron ſcepter bore the ſway
O're our Imperial *Golgotha*,
Yet He with kind tho' unconcerned eyes
Durſt ſtay and ſee thoſe numerous Tragedies.
He in the field had ſeen Death's griefly ſhape,
Heard him in volleys talk aloud,
Beheld his grandeur in a glittering Croud
And unamaz'd ſeen him in Cannons gape:

Even

Ever unterrified His valour ſtood
Like ſome tall Rock amid'ſt a Sea of Blood:
'Twas loyalty from Sword & Peſt kept him alive,
The ſafeſt Armour, and the beſt Preſervative.

VI.

The flaming City next implor'd his aid,
And ſeaſonably pray'd (obey'd,
His force againſt the fire, whoſe arms the Seas
Wide did th' impetuous torrent ſpread,
Then thoſe goodly Fabricks fell
Temples themſelves promiſcuouſly there
Drop't down, and in the common ruin buried
The City turn'd into one *Mongibel:* (were,
The haughty Tyrant ſhook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with fury red.
Then every cheek grew wan and pale,
Every heart did yield and fail, (preſs,
Nought but Thy preſence could its power ſup-
Whoſe ſtronger light put out the leſs,

As

As *London*'s noble ſtructure riſe,
Together ſhall His memory grow, (owe.
To whom that beauteous Town ſo much does
London! joynt Favourite with Him Thou wer't,
As both poſſeſt a Room within one heart,
So now with thine indulgent Soveraign joyn,
Reſpect his great Friends aſhes, for He wep't o're (Thine.

V.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,
Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,
With his prodigious acts amaze the Age,
While Worlds of wonders on his ſhoulders ſate,
Full of glories, and of years,
He trod his ſhining, and immortal way,
Whilſt *Albion* compaſs'd with new floods of tears
Beſought his longer ſtay.
Prophane that pen, that dares deſcribe thy bliſs,
Or write thine *Apotheoſis*!
Whom heaven and thy Prince to pleaſure ſtrove,
Entruſted with their Armies, and their love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deserve,
Thou did'st a kind, and grateful Master serve,
Who, to express his gratitude to Thee,
Scorn'd those it natur'd arts of Policy.
Happy had *Bellisarius* bin
(Whose forward fortune was his sin)
By many Victories undone,
He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obscure,
If for thy Prince those Battels he had won,
Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

VIII.

Among the Gods, those Gods that dy'd like thee,
As great as theirs, and full of Majesty
Thy sacred dust shall sleep secure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There free from envy, Thou with them,
Shal't have thy share of Diadem;
Among their Badges shall be set
Thy Garter and thy Coronet;

Or

Or (which is stately'er) thou shalt have
A *Mausolæum* in thy Prince's breast,
There thine enbalmed name shall rest,
That Sanctuary shall thee save,
From the dishonours of a Regal grave:
And every wondrous History
Read by incredulous Posterity, (*Thee*,
That writes of *Him*, shall honourably mention
Who by an humble Loyalty has't shown,
How much sublimer gallantry, and renown
'Tis to *restore*, than to *usurp* a *Monarchs Crown*.

The Retirement.

Pindarique Ode made in the time of the Great Sickness 1665.

Stanza I.

IN the milde close of an hot Summers day,
When a cool Breeze had fann'd the air,
And Heaven's face look't smooth and fair;

Lovely

Lovely as sleeping Infants be,
That in their slumbers smilingly,
Dandled on the Mothers knee,
You hear no cry,
No harsh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noise:
When every sweet, which the Sun's greedy ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew;
Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Tho for what cause I knew not well,
What I ail'd, I could not tell,
I sate me down at an ag'd Poplar's root,
Whose chiding leaves excepted and my breast,
All the impertinently-busi'd-world enclin'd to rest.

II.

I list'ned heedfully around,
But not a whisper there was found.

The

The murmuring Brook hard by,
As heavy, and as dull as I,
Seem'd drowsily along to creep;
It ran with undiscovered pace,
And if a pibble stopt the lazy race,
'Twas but as if it started in its sleep,
Eccho her self, that ever lent an ear
To any piteous tone;
Wont to grone, with them that grone,
Eccho her self, was speechless here.
Thrice did I sigh, Thrice miserably cry,
Ai me! the *Nymph* ai me! would not reply;
Or churlish, or she was asleep for company.

III.

I thought on every pensive thing,
That might my passion strongly move,
That might the sweetest sadness bring;
Oft did I think on death, and oft on Love,
The triumphs of the *little God*, and that same *gastly King*;

The ghaſtly King what has he done,
How his pale Territories ſpread!
Strait ſcantlings now of conſecrated ground
His ſwelling Empire cannot bound,
But every day new *Colonies* of dead
Enhance his Conqueſts, and advance his Throne.
The mighty *City* ſav'd from ſtorms of war,
Exempted from the Crimſon floud,
When all the Land o're flow'd with blood,
Stoop's yet once more to a new Conqueror:
The *City* which ſo many Rivals bred,
Sackcloath is on her loyns, and aſhes on her head.

IV.

When will the frowning heav'n begin to ſmile?
Thoſe pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hide the mighty Town,
That I may ſee the mighty pyle!
When will the angry Angel ceaſe to ſlay;
And turn his brandiſh't ſword away
From that illuſtrous *Golgotha*,

Lon-

London, the great *Aceldama*!
When will that stately *Landscape* open lie,
The mist withdrawn that intercepts my ey!
That heap of *Pyramids* appear,
Which now, too much like those of *Egypt* are:
Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but Dead mens bones within.

Translated out of a Part of Petronius Arbiters Satyricon.

1.

AFter a blustring tedious night,
The winds now hush't, & the black tempest o're
Which the crazy vessel miserably tore,
Behold a lamentable sight!
Rolling far off, upon a briny wave
Compassionate *Philander* spi'd

A floating Carcass ride,
That seem'd to beg the kindness of a grave.

II.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then
Weigh'd with himself the frail, uncertain state
Of silly, strangely disappointed men,
Whose projects are the sport of Fate,
Perhaps (said he) this poor man's desolate Wife
In a strange Conntry far away,
Expects some happy day,
This gastly thing, the comfort of her life:

III.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,
Himself secure, he apprehends no storm,
But fancies that he sees him come.
Perhaps the good Old man, that kist this Son,
And left a blessing on his head,
His arms about him spread,
Hopes yet to see him e're his glass be run.

These

IV.

These are the grand intrigues of man,
These his huge thoughts, and these his vast desires
Restless, and swelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires.
See where the naked, breathless Body lies
To every puff of wind a slave,
At the beck of every wave,
That once perhaps was fair, rich, stout, and wise!

V.

While thus *Philander* pensive said,
Touch't only with a pity for Mankind,
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,
And call'd the wretched Man to mind:
Alas, said he, art Thou that angry Thing,
That with thy looks did'st threaten Death,
Plagues and destruction breath,
But two dayes since, little beneath a King!

VI.

Ai me! where is thy fury now,
Thine insolence, and all thy boundless power,
O most ridiculously dreadful thou!
Expos'd for Beasts and Fishes to devour.
Go sottish Mortals, let your Breasts swell high,
All your designs laid deep as hell,
A small mischance can quel,
Out witted by the deeper plots of Destiny.

VII.

This haughty lump a while before
Sooth'd up It self, perhaps with hopes of Life,
What It would do, when It came safe on shore,
What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;
See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie!
Ye Gods! what Gulphs are set between,
What we have, and what we ween,
Whilst Inll'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

Nor

VIII.

Nor are we lyable alone,
To misadventures on the mercyless Sea,
A thousand other things our Fate bring on,
And shipwrack't every where we be.
One in the tumult of a Battel dies
Big with conceit of victory,
And routing th' Enemy,
With Garlands deckt, himself the Sacrifice.

IX.

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, & Heaven with tears invokes,
With adoratious as he humbly bowes,
While with gums the Altar smokes,
In th' presence of his God, the Temple falls,
And then religious in vain,
The flatter'd Bigot slain,
Breaths out his last within the sacred walls.

X.

Another with gay Trophies proud,
From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,
Makes paſtime for the Gazers of the Croud,
That envy'd him his purchas'd Crown,
Some with full meals, & ſparkling bowls of wine,
As if it made too long delay,
Spur on their fatal day,
Whilſt others, (needy Souls) at their's repine.

XI.

Conſider well and every place,
Offers a ready Road to thy long home, (face
Sometimes with frowns, ſometimes with ſmiling
Th' Ambaſſadors of Death do come.
By open force or ſecret ambuſcade,
By unintelligable wayes,
We end our anxious dayes,
And ſtock the large Plantations of the Dead,

But

XII.

But (some may say) 'tis very hard,
With them, whom heavy chance has Cast away,
With no solemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburi'd on the sea:
No — 'tis all one where receive our doom,
Since, some where, 'tis our certain lot
Our Carcases must rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no Tombe,

A Thought of Death.

WHen on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night;

Oh

Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What ſhall I do!
What ſhall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears.
Methinks I hear ſome gentle Spirit ſay,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy ſelf that now thou ſhalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayeſt, but worſe thou can'ſt not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and miſery.
Like *Cæſar*, with aſſurance then come on,
And unamaz'd, attempt the Laurel Crown,
That lyes on t'other ſide Death's *Rubicon*.

The Deſperate Lover.

O Mighty King of Terrors, come!
Command thy Slave to his long home
Great

Great Sanctuary Grave! to thee
In throngs the miſerable flie;
Encirel'd in thy frozen arms,
They bid defiance to their harmes,
Regardleſs of thoſe pond'rous little things,
That diſcompoſe th' uneaſie heads of Kings.

II.

In the cold earth the Pris'ner lies
Ranſom'd from all his miſeries,
Himſelf forgotten, he forgets
His cruel Creditors, and Debts;
And there in everlaſting peace
Contentions with their Authors ceaſe.
A turfe of graſs or Monument of Stone
Umpires the petty competition,

III.

The diſappointed Lover, there,
Breaths not a ſigh nor ſheds a tear;

With

With us (fond fools) he never ſhares
In ſad perplexities and cares;
The willow near his tombe that grow's
Reviv's his memory, not his woes,
Or rain, or ſhine, he is advanc't above
Th' affronts of heaven, and ſtratagems of Love.

IV.

Then mighty King of Terrors come
Command thy ſlave to his long home.
And thou my friend that lov'ſt me beſt
Seals up theſe eyes that brake my reſt;
Put out the lights, beſpeak my knell,
And then eternally farewel.
'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
That none can force a deſperate man to Live.

Psalm 39. verses 4th. 5th.

VERSE 4th.

LOrd let me know the Period of my age,
The length of this my weary pilgrimage,
How long this miserable life shall last,
This Life that stayes so long, yet flies so fast!

VRRSE 5th.

Thou by a Span measurest those dayes of mine,
Eternity's the spacious bound of Thine:
Who shall compare his little span with thee,
With Thine incomprehensibility!
Man born to trouble leavs this World with pain,
His best Estate is altogether vain.

The Fatigue.

A SONG.

ADieu fond World, and all thy wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, & treacherous smiles,
They that behold thee with my eyes,
Thy double dealing will despise:
From thee false world, my deadly Foe,
Into some Desart let me go;
Some gloomy melancholly Cave,
Dark and silent as the Grave,
Let me withdraw; where I may be
From thine impertinencies free:
There, when I hear the Turtle grone,
How sweetly would I make my mone!
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there
My sorrows pleasantly to bear:
There could I correspond with none
But Heaven, and my own breast alone.

Hymne

Hymne for the Morning.

AWake my Soul! Awake mine eyes!
Awake my drowsie faculties;
Awake, and see the new born Light
Spring from the darksome womb of night!
Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,
Already is his Race begun:
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And sings her Matins in the Skie;
Arise my Soul! and thou my voice,
In Songs of Praise early rejoyce!
O Great Creator! Heavenly King!
Thy Praises let me ever sing!
Thy Power has made, thy Goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the Powers of darkness free:

O keep my heart from Sin ſecure,
My Life unblameable and pure,
That when the laſt of all my dayes is come,
Cheereful, and fearleſs I may wait my doom.

Anthem for the Evening.

SLeep! downy ſleep! come cloſe my eyes,
Tyr'd with beholding vanities!
Sweet ſlumbers come and chaſe away
The toiles and follies of the day:
On your ſoft boſom will I lie,
Forget the World and learn to die.
O *Iſraels* watchful ſhepheard ſpread
Tents of Angels round my bed;
Let not the ſpirits of the aire,
While I ſlumber, me enſnare,
But ſave thy ſuppliant free from harmes,
Claſp't in thine everlaſting armes.

Clouds,

Clouds and thick darkneſs is thy throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh dart from thence a ſhining ray,
And then my midnight ſhall be day!
Thus when the morn in crimſon dreſt,
Breaks through the windows of the Eaſt,
My Hymns of thankful praiſes ſhall ariſe
Like incenſe, or the morning ſacrifice.

DEATH.

SONG.

OH the ſad Day,
When friends ſhall ſhake their heads and ſay
Of miſerable me, (breath,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for
See how he ſtruggles with the pangs of Death!
When they ſhall ſay of theſe poor eyes,
How Hollow, and how dim they be,

Mark how his breaſt does ſwell and riſe,
Againſt his potent enemy!
When ſome old Friend ſhall ſtep to my bedſide,
Touch my chill face, & thence ſhall gently ſlide,
And when his next companions ſay,
How does he do? what hopes? ſhall turn away,
Anſwering only with a lift up hand,
Who can his fate withſtand?
Then ſhall a gaſp or two, do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perſwade the peeviſh World to trouble me no more!

The Happy Man.

PEaceful is he, and moſt ſecure,
Whoſe heart, and actions all are pure;
How ſmooth and pleaſant is his way,
Whilſt Life's *Meander* ſlides away

If

If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,
This Man can unconcerned lie;
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,
So neither noise, nor flash can dread:
Tho' a swift whirlewind tear in sunder
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;
Tho' the Rocks on heaps do tumble,
Or the World to ashes crumble,
Tho' the stupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie:
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And dash its faome against the shore;
He finds no tempest in his mind,
Fears no billow, feels no wind:
All is serene, all quiet there,
There's not one blast of troubled air,
Old stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of these his Soul amaze,
Such is the man can smile at irksome death,
And with an ease sigh give up his breath.

An Elegy on the Earl of SANDWICH.

IF there were ought in Verſe, at once could raiſe,
Or tender pity, and or immortal praiſe,
Thine Obſequies, brave *Sandwich*, would require
What ever might our nobler thoughts inſpire;
But ſince thou find'ſt by thy unhappy fate,
What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,
And purchaſe honour at too dear a rate:
The Muſes Beſt attempt, how e're deſign'd,
Cannot but prove impertinently kind.
Thy glorious valour is a Theam too high,
For all the humble arts of Poëſie,
To ſide with chance, and Kingdomes over-run.
Are little things Ambitious men have done;
But on a flaming Ship thus to deſpiſe
That life, which others did ſo highly prize;

To

To fight with Fire, and ſtruggle with a wave,
And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out brave,
Are deeds ſurpaſſing fabulous Chronicle,
And which no future Age can parallel;
Leviathan himſelfe's out done by Thee,
Thou greater *wonder of the Deep*, than *he*:
Nor could the Deep thy mighty aſhes hold,
The Deep that ſwallows Diamonds and Gold,
Fame cv'n thy ſacred Relicks does purſue,
Richer than all the treaſures of *Peru*:
While the kind Sea, thy breathleſs body brings
Safe to the bed of Honour, and of Kings.

An Epitaph on the Earl of Sandwich.

HEre lies the Duſt of that illuſtrious Man,
That triumph't o're the Ocean;
Who for his Country nobly courted death,
And dearly ſold his glorious Breath,

Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave,
Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave,
(Oh frail Estate of Sublunary things!)
Lyes equal here with *Englands* greatest Kings.

On Mr. JOHNSONS *several Shipwracks*

HE that has never yet acquainted been
With cruel chance, nor Vertue naked seen,
Strip't from th'advantages (which vices wear)
Of happy, plausible, successful, fair;
Nor learn't how long the lowring cloud may last,
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcast,
'Till she her native glories does recover,
And brighter shine, after the Storm is over;
To be inform'd, he need no further go,
Than this divine Epitome of woe;

In

In *Johnson's* life, and writings he may find,
What *Homer* in his *Odysses* design'd,
A vertuous man by miserable fate
Rendred ten thousand wayes unfortunate;
Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,
All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,
While hidden sands, and every greedy wave,
With horror gap't themselves into a grave:
Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,
Moning himself, where none could hear his mone;
Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
Expos'd to th' mercy of a Barbarous land:
Such was the pious *Johnson*, 'till kind Heaven
A blessed end to all his toiles had given:
To shew, that vertuous men, tho' they appear,
But *Fortune*'s sport, are *Providence*'s care.

The Resolve.

I.

HAd *Phillis* neither charmes, nor Graces
More than the rest of women wear,
Levell'd by Fate with common faces,
Yet *Damon* could esteem her fair.

II.

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive
Those petty injuries of time,
And all th'affronts of years impute
To her misfortune, not her crime.

III.

Wedlock put's love upon the wrack,
Makes it confess 'tis still the same
In icy age, as it appear'd,
At first when all was lively flame.

If

IV.

If *Hymen's* ſlaves, whoſe ears are bor'd,
Thus conſtant by compulſion be,
Why ſhould not choice indear us more
Than Them their hard neceſſity,

V.

Phillis! 'tis true, thy glaſs does run,
But ſince mine too keep's equal pace,
My ſilver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd face.

VI.

Then let us conſtant be as Heaven,
Whoſe Laws inviolable are,
Not like thoſe rambling *Meteors* there,
That foretel ills, and diſappear.

VII.

So ſhall a pleaſing calm attend,
Our long uneaſie Deſtiny,
So ſhall our loves, and lives expire
From Storms and Tempeſts ever free.

PA-

PASTORAL.

I.

AT break of day poor *Celadon*
Hard by his Sheepfolds walk't alone,
His arms a-crofs, his head bow'd down,
His oaten pipe befides him thrown,
When *Thirfis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the difcontented Shepheard cry.

II.

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his happineſs is gone!
The Curtains of the dark are drawn,
And chearful morn begins to dawn,
Yet in my breaſt 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleaſant light.

You

III.

You pretty Lambs do leap and play
To welcome the new kindled day,
Your Shepheard harmleſs, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too!
If ſuch diſturbance th'Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend?

IV.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,
If I muſt die, why this reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as thoſe that die!
I faint, I gaſp, I pant, my eyes are ſet,
My Cheekes are pale, and I am living yet.

V.

Ye Gods! I never did withold
The fatteſt Lamb of all my fold,

But

But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altars smoke?
Is it all one, to please, and to provoke?

VI.

Time was that I could sit and smile,
Or with a dance the time beguile,
My soul like that smooth lake was still,
Bright as the Sun behind yon hill,
Like yonder stately Mountain cleat, and high,
Swift, soft, and gay as that same Butterfly.

XII

But now *Within* there's Civil war,
In arms my rebel Passions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aside,
The Traitors now in Triumph ride;
That many headed monster has thrown down
It's lawful Monarch Reason, from it's throne,

See

VIII.

See unrelenting *Sylvia* ſee,
All this, and more is long of Thee:
For e'r I ſaw that charming face,
Uninterrupted was my peace,
Thy glorious beamy eyes have ſtruck me blind
To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

IX.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine,
Heav'n is too blame, that did not ſhine
Upon us both with equal rayes,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy dayes,
To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches ſtore,
All *Celadon's* offence is, he is poor.

X.

Unlucky ſtars poor Shepheards have,
Whoſe love is fickle *Fortune's* Slave

Thoſe

Thoſe golden days are out of date,
When every Turtle choſe his Mate:
Cupid that mighty Prince then uncontroul'd
Now like a little *Negro's* bought and ſold.

LOVE'S *Bravo.*

SONG.

WHy ſhould we murmur, why repine
Phillis at thy fate, or mine?
Like Pris'ners, why do we thoſe fetters ſhake,
Which neither thou, nor I can break?
There is a better way to baffle fate,
If Mortals would but mind it,
And 'tis not hard to find it:
Who would be happy, muſt be deſperate;
He muſt deſpiſe thoſe Stars that fright
Only Fools that dread the night,

Time

Time and chance he muſt out brave,
He that crouches is their Slave.
Thus the wiſe *Pagans* ill at eaſe,
Bravely chaſtiz'd their ſurly *Deities*.

The Batchelors Song.

LIke a Dog with a bottle, faſt ti'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail;
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty looſe,
For a Matrimony nooſe,
And ſels himſelf into Captivity;
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle do's jog,
The Vermin, the Theif, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.
But welfare poor *Pug*! for he playes with his Clog;

And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he lugg's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his wife.

The Second Part.

SONG.

HOw happy a thing were a wedding and a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelve month, and a day;
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,
'Till she grow as grey as a Cat,
Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

Advice to an old man of sixty three about to marry a Girle of sixteen.

SONG.

I.

NOw fie upon him! what is Man,
Whose life at best is but a span?
When to an inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, snow on his Crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of Love should entertain,
That he, when Harvest comes should plow
And when 'tis time to reap, go sowe,
Who in imagination only strong,
Tho' twice a Child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did those design for Fools,
That sue for work, yet have no tools.

What fellow feeling can there be
In such a strange disparity?
Old age mistakes the youthful breast,
Love dwels not there, but interest:
Alas Good Man! take thy repose,
Get ribband for thy thumbs, and toes,
Provide thee flannel, and a sheet of lead,
Think on thy Coffin, not thy bridal bed.

The Expectation.

SONG.

I.

WHy did I ever see those glorious eyes
My famish't Soul to Tantalize?
I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately seen,
But ne'r perceiv'd the Gulph between:
In vain for bliss did my presumptions seek,

My

My love ſo ſtrong
I could not hold my tongue;
My heart ſo feeble that I durſt not ſpeak.

II.

Yet why do I my conſtitution blame
Since all my heart is out of frame?
'Twere better (ſure) my paſſion to appeaſe,
With hope to palliate my diſeaſe:
And 'twill be ſomething like Tranquillity,
To hope for that
I muſt not compaſs yet
And make a vertue of neceſſity.

CORIDON *converted.*

SONG.

I.

WHen *Coridon* a Slave did lie,
Entangled in his *Phillis* eye,

How did he sigh! how did he grone!
How melancholy was his tone!
He told his story to the woods
And wept his passion by the flouds;
But *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too too blame,
Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame;

II.

Then *Coridon* resolv'd no more
His mistress mercy to implore;
How did he laugh how did he sing!
How did he make the forrest ring!
He told his conquests to the woods,
And drown'd his passions in the flouds:
Then *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, less severe
Would have had him, But he would none of her

The Humouriſt.

SONG.

I.

GOod faith I never was but once ſo mad
To dote upon an idle woman's face,
And then alas! my fortune was ſo bad
To ſee another choſen in my place,
And yet I courted her I'me very ſure
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

II.

But if I ever be ſo fond again
To undertake the ſecond part of love,
To reaſſume that moſt unmanlike pain,
Or after ſhipwrack do the Ocean prove;
My Miſtreſs muſt be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'le be as indifferent as ſhe.

The SLIGHT.

SONG.

I.

I Did but crave that I might kiſs,
If not her lip, at leaſt her hand,
The cooleſt Lover's frequent bliſs
And rude is ſhe that will withſtand
That inoffenſive libertie;
Shee (would you think it) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the room,
Not ſhe, ſhe vow'd not ſhe.

II.

Well *Charieſſa* then ſaid I,
If it muſt thus for ever be,
I can renounce my ſlavery,
And ſince you will not, can be free:

Many

Many a time ſhe made me dye,
Yet (would you think) I lov'd the more,
But I'le not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'le vow not I.

The PENITENT.

SONG.

I.

HAd I but known ſome years ago
What wretched lovers undergo;
The tempeſts and the ſtormes that riſe
From their beloved's dangerous eyes,
With how much torment they endure
That Ague, and that Calenture;
Long ſince I had my error ſeen,
Long ſince repented of my ſin:
Too late the ſouldier dread's the Trumpets ſound
That newly has received his mortal wound.

II.

But so adventurous was I
My fortunes all alone to try,
Need's must I kiss the burning light,
Because it shin'd, because 'twas bright,
My heart with youthful heat on fire,
I thought some God did me inspire;
And that blind zeal imboldned me,
T'attempt *Althæa*'s Deitie;
Surely those happy Pow'rs that dwell above,
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

The Defiance.

SONG.

I.

BE not too proud imperious Dame,
Your charmes are transitory things,
May melt, while you at heaven aim,
Like *Icarus*'s waxen wings;

And

And you a part in his misfortues beare,
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of deſpaire.

II.

You think your beauties are above
The Poet's brain, and Painter's hand,
As if upon the throne of Love
You only ſhould the world command:
Yet know though you preſume your title true
There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

III.

There's an experienc't Rebel Time,
And in his ſquadarns poverty;
There's Age that bring's along with him
A terrible Artillery:
And if againſt all theſe thou keep'ſt thy Crown,
Th' Uſurper Death will make thee lay it down.

The Surrender.

SONG.

I Yeild, I yeild! Divine *Althæa* ſee
How proſtrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my Captivity,
So weak am I, ſo mighty Thou!
Not long agoe I could defy
Arm'd with wine and company,
Beautie's whole Artillerie:
Quite vanquiſh't now by thy miraculous Charms:
Here fair *Althæa* take my arms:
For ſure he cannot be of humane race
That can reſiſt ſo bright, ſo ſweet a face.

Fadeing Beauty.

SONG.

I.

AS poor *Aurelia* ſate alone,
Hard by a Rivulets flowry ſide,
Envious at Nature's new born pride,
Her ſlighted ſelf, ſhe thus reflected on.

II.

Alas! that Nature ſhould revive
Theſe flowers, which after Winter's ſnow
Spring freſh again and brighter ſhew,
But for our fairer Sex, ſo ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a ſhort liv'd thing,
On us in vain ſhe did beſtow,
Beauty that onely once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no ſecond Spring.

The

The Whim.

SONG.

I.

WHy ſo ſerious, why ſo grave?
Man of buſineſs, why ſo muddy?
Thy ſelf from chance thou canſt not ſave
With all thy care and ſtudy.
Look merrily then, and take thy repoſe;
For 'tis to no purpoſe to look ſo forlorn,
Since the World was as bad, before thou wer't born,
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thouſand years hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'ſt on a Dunghil, or ſat'ſt on a Throne.

II.

To be troubled to be ſad,
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,

For

For a pound of pleasure's not so bad
As an ounce of Melancholly:
Since all our lives long we travel towards Death
Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way;
'Tis but dying at last; in our race let us stay,
And we shan't be so soon out of breath.
Sit the Comedy out, and that done, (down.
When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall

A DIALOGUE.

Cloris and Partheniſſa.

C. WHy doest thou all addreſs deny?
Hard hearted *Partheniſſa*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom.

P. Chloris! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them so;

Their

Their ſilly politick's abhorr'd
I ſcorn to make my ſlave my Lord:

C. But *Strephon's* eyes proclame his love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove,

P. Oh *Chloris*! when we looſe our pow'r
We muſt obey the Conquerour.

C. Yet where a gentle Prince beare's ſway
It is no bondage to obey:

P. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With arts of kindneſs he beguile;
How ſhall the Tyrant be withſtood,
When he has writ his laws in blood!

C. Love, (*Partheniſſa*) all command's
It fetters Kings in charming bands,
Mars yields his arms to *Cupid's* darts,
But Beauty ſoften's ſavage hearts.

Chorus,

If nothing elſe can pull the Tyrant down,
Kill him with kindneſs, and the day's your own.

The

The RENEGADO.

SONG.

I.

REmov'd from fair *Urania's* eyes
Into a village far away,
Fond *Aſtrophil* began to ſay,
Thy charmes *Urania* I deſpiſe;
Go bid ſome other ſhepheard for thee dy,
That never underſtood thy Tyranny.

II.

Return'd at length th' amorous ſwain,
Soon as he ſaw his Dietie,
Ador'd again and bow'd his knee,
Became her ſlave, and wore her Chain;
The needle thus that motionleſs did ly
Trembles, and moves when the lov'd Loadſtone's nigh.

Phillis

PHILLIS *withdrawn.*

I.

I Did but see her, and she's snatch't away,
I find I did but happy seem;
So small a while did my contentments stay,
As short and pleasant as a dream:
Yet such are all our satisfactions here,
They raise our hopes, and then they disappear.

II.

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conspire
To quench poor *Strephons* flame,
To stop the progress of his swift desire,
And leave him but an Aëry name;
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion-like thus to embrace a Cloud?

Yet

III.

Yet why ſhould *Strephon* murmur, why complain,
Or envy *Phillis* her delight,
Why ſhould her pleaſures be to him a pain,
Eaſier perhaps out of his ſight?
No, *Strephon* no! If *Phillis* happy be,
Thou ſhouldſt rejoyce, what e'r becom's of Thee.

IV.

Amidſt the charming glories of the Spring
In pleaſant Fields and goodly Bowers
Indulgent Nature ſeems concern'd to bring
All that may bleſs her innocent hours,
While thy diſaſtrous Fate has ty'd thee down
To all the noiſe and Tumult of the Town.

V.

Strephon that for himſelf expects no good
To *Phillis* wiſhes every where,

A long ſerenity without a Cloud,
Sweet as theſe ſmiles of th' Infant year,
May *Halcyons* in her boſome build their neſt
What ever ſtorms ſhall diſcompoſe my breaſt.

Weeping at Parting.

SONG.

I.

GO gentle *Oriana*, go,
Thou ſeeſt the Gods will have it ſo;
Alas! Alas! 'tis much in vain
Of their ill uſage to complain,
To curſe them when we want relief,
Leſſens our courage not our grief:
Dear *Oriana* wipe thine eye,
The time may come, that thou, and I
Shall meet again, long, long to prove
What Vigour abſence adds to love,

Smile

Smile *Orania* then, and let me ſee,
That look again, which ſtole my liberty.

II.

But ſay that *Oriana* die,
And thatſad moment may be nigh,
The Gods that for a year can ſever,
If it pleaſe them can part us ever,
They that refreſh, can make us weep.
And into Death can lengthen ſleep,
Kind *Oriana* ſhould I hear
The thing I ſo extreamly fear,
'Twill not be ſtrange, if it be ſaid,
After a while, I too, am dead.

Weep *Oriana* weep, for who does know,
Whether we e'r ſhall meet again below.

The Malecontent.

SONG.

PHillis, O *Phillis!* Thou art fondly vain,
My wavering thoughts thus to moleſt,
Why ſhould my pleaſure be the onely pain,
That muſt torment my eaſie breaſt?
If with *Prometheus* I had ſtoll'n fire,
Fire from above,
As ſcorching and as bright, as that of love,
I might deſerve *Jove's* ire,
A Vulture then might on my liver feed,
But now eternally I bleed,
And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
Who freely gav'ſt the fewel and the flame,

The Indifferent.

SONG.

PRithee confeſs for my ſake, and your own,
Am I the Man or no?
If I am he, thou can'ſt not do't too ſoon,
If not, thou canſt not be too ſlow;
If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great
Your Sex with ſoe much zeal to treat;
But if we freely proffer to purſue
Our tender thoughts and ſpotleſs love,
Which nothing ſhall remove,
And you deſpiſe all this, pray what are you?

The HARBOUR.

SONG.

O Tedious hopes! when will the ſtorm be o're!
When will the beaten Veſſel reach the ſhore!
Long have I ſtriv'n with bluſtring winds & tides,
Clouds o're my head, Waves on my ſides!
Which in my dark adventures high did ſwell,
While heaven was black as hell.
O Love, tempeſtuous Love, yet, yet at laſt,
Let me my Anchor caſt,
And for the troubles I have undergone,
O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

The Unconcerned.

SONG.

NOw that the world is all in amaze,
Drums, & Trumpets rending heav'ns,
Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
Widdows and Orphans piteously crying;
Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
Kingdomes and States at fixes and sevens:
What should an honest Fellow do,
Whose courage, and fortunes run equally low?
Let him live say I till his glass be run,
As easily as he may,
Let the wine, and the sand of his glass flow together.
For Life's but a winters day;
Alas from Sun to Sun,
The time's very short, very dirty the weather,
And we silently creep away.

Let him nothing do, he could wish undone;
And keep himself safe from the noise of a Gun.

To Mr. Sam. Austin *of* Wadham Col. Oxon
on his most unintelligible Poems.

SIR,

IN that small inch of time I stole, to look
On th'obscure depths of your mysterious Book
(Heav'n bless my eye sight!) what strains did I see?
What Steropegeretick Poetrie!
What Hieroglyphick words, what all,
In Letters more than Cabalistical!
Our little fingers may our Verses scan,
But all our Noddles understand them can
No more, than read that dung fork, pothook hand
That in *Queen's Colledge Library* does stand.
The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't see,
For that same scabbard that conceals your Fancy:
Thus a black velvet Casket hides a Jewel;

And

And a dark woodhouſe, wholeſome winter fuel;
Thus *John Tradeskin* ſtarves our greedy eyes,
By boxing up his new found Rarities;
We dread *Actæons* Fate, dare not look on,
When you do ſcowre your skin in *Helicon*;
We cannot (*Lynceus* like) ſee through the wall
Of your ſtrong Morter'd *Poems*; nor can all
The ſmall ſhot of our brains make one hole in
The Bulwarke of your Book, that Fort to win.
Open your meanings door, O do not lock it!
Undo the Buttons of your ſmaller Pocket,
And charitably ſpend thoſe Angels there,
Let them inrich and actuate our ſphere.
Take off our Bongraces, and ſhine upon us,
Though your reſplendent beams ſhould chance
to tan us.
Had you but ſtoln your verſes, than we might
Hope in good time they would have come to light;
And felt I not a ſtrange Poetick heat
Flaming within, which reading makes me ſweat,

Vulcan should take 'em, and I'de not exempt 'em,
Because they be things *Quibus lumen ademptum.*
I thought to have commended something there,
But all exceeds my commendations far,
I can say nothing; but stand still, and stare,
And cry O wondrous, strange, profound, & rare,
Vast Wits must fathome you better than thus.
You merit more than their praise: as for us
The Beetles of our Rhimes shall drive full fast in
The wedges of your worth to everlasting.

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. William Faithorn *on his Book of* drawing, Etching, *and* Graving.

SHould I attempt an Elogy, or Frame
A Paper-structure to secure thy name,

The

The lightening of one Cenſure, one ſtern frown
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,
But this thy Book prevents that fruit leſs pain,
One line ſpeaks purelier Thee, than my beſt ſtrain.
Thoſe myſteries (once like the ſpiteful mold,
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)
Thou doſt unfold in every friendly Page,
Kind to the preſent, and ſucceeding Age.
That Hand, whoſe curious Art prolongs the date
Of frail Mortality, and baffle's Fate
With Braſs and Steel, can ſurely potent be
To rear a laſting monument for Thee:
For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)
A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.
So long as Braſs, ſo long as Books endure,
So long as neat wrought-Pieces Thou 'rt ſecure.
A [*Faithorn ſculpſit*] is a charm can ſave
From dull oblivion, and a gapeing grave.

An Explanation of an Emblem
engraven by V. H.

SE'ſt thou thoſe *Raies*, the *Light* 'bove them?
And that gay thing the *Diadem*?
The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'de
T'th Gold, black Clouds on either ſide?
Se'ſt thou the winged *Trumpeters* with all
That kick the *World's* blew tottering ball?
The flying *Globe*, the *Glaſs* thereon,
Thoſe fragments of a *Skeleton*?
The *Bayes*, the *Palms*, the *Fighting men*,
And *written Scroul*? – Come tell me then,
Did thy o're curious eye e'r ſee
An apter Scheme of Miſery?
Whats all that *Gold*, and ſparkling *Stones*
To that bald ſcull, to thoſe *Croſs bones*?
What mean thoſe *Blades* (whom men adore)
To ſtain the Earth with purple gore?

Sack

Sack ſtately Towns, ſilk Banners ſpread,
Gallop their Courſers o're the dead,
Far more than this? and all to ſway
But till thoſe ſands ſhall glide away.
For when the *Bubble World* ſhall fly
With ſtretcht out Plumes, when the briſk ey
Shall cloſe with anguiſh, ſink with tears,
And th'Angels trumpets pierce our ears,
What's haughty Man or thoſe fine things,
WhichHeaven calls *Men*, though Men ſtile *Kings*?
Vain *World* adieu! and farewel fond renown!
Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown*!

For Thoughts.

I.

THoughts? what are they?
They are my conſtant Friends,
Who when harſh Fate it's dull brow bends,

Un-

Uncloud me with a ſmiling Ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

II.

When I retire, and flee
The buſie throngs of Company,
To hug my ſelf in privacy;
O the diſcourſe! the pleaſant talk,
'Twixt us (my Thoughts) a long a lonely walk!

III.

You like the ſtupifying Wine
The dying malefactors ſip
With ſhivering lip,
T' abate the rigour of their doom,
By a leſs troublous cut to their long home;
Make me ſlight Croſſes, though they pil'd up ly,
All by th'enchantments of an extaſie.

Do

IV.

Do I desire to see
The throne and Majestie
Of that proud one
Brother and Unkle to the Stars and Sun?
Those can conduct me where such Toyes reside,
And waft me cross the Main, *sans* wind and tide.

V.

Would I descrie
Those radiant Mansions 'bove the Skie,
Invisible by Mortal eye?
My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A shining Track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven *Orbs* can shove away.
These too, like *Jacobs* ladder, are
A most Angelick Thorough-fare.

The

VI.

The wealth that ſhines
In th'*Oriental* Mines;
Thoſe ſparkling gems which Nature keeps
Within her Cabinets, the deeps;
The Verdant Fields,
The Rarities the Rich world yields;
Rare Structures, whoſe each gilded ſpire
Gliſters like lihgtning; which, while men admire,
They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,
Theſe can I gaze upon and glut mine eyes
With fancies of varieties.
As on the front of *Piſgah*, I
Can th'*Holy Land* through theſe my *Opticks* ſpie.

VII.

Contemn we then
The peeviſh rage of men,
Whoſe violence ne'r can divorce
Our

Our mutual amitie,
Or lay ſo damn'd a Curſe
As *non addreſſes*, 'twixt my thoughts and me:
For though I ſigh in Irons, They
Uſe their old freedome, readily obey;
And when my boſome-friends deſert me, ſtay.

VIII.

Come then my darlings, I'le embrace
My Priviledge; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place;
Whoſe ſweet ſociety to mee,
A ſanctuary and a ſheild ſhall be
'Gainſt the full Quivers of my Deſtinie.

Against Thoughts.

I.

INtolerable Racks!
Distend my Soul no more,
Lond as the billows when they roar,
More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.
Foes inappeasable! that slay
My best contents, around me stand,
Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand;
And fright me from the hopes of one good day.

II.

When I seclude my self, and say
How frolick will I be,
Unfetter'd from my Company
I'le bath me in felicity!

In

In come these Guests,
They *Harpy* like defile my Feasts,
Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the curs'ed talk,
'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a sullen walk.

III.

You like the poisonous wine
The Gallants quaff
To make 'em laugh,
Yet chance at last t' endure
From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,
Fool me with feign'd reflections, till I lie,
Stark raveing in a *Bedlam* extasie.

IV.

Do I dread
The Starry Throne and Majesty
Of that High *God*,
Who batters Kingdomes with an Iron Rod,
And makes the Mountains stagger with a nod?

That ſits upon the glorious Bow,
Smiling at changes here below.
Theſe goad me to his grand Tribunal, where
They tell me I with horror muſt appear,
And antedate amazements by grim fear.

V.

Would I deſcry
Thoſe happy Soul's bleſt Manſions 'bove the Sky,
Inviſible by mortal ey,
And in a noble ſpeculation trace
A journey to that ſhining place?
Can I afford a ſigh or two,
Or breath a Wiſh that I might thither go:
Theſe clip my plumes, and chill my blazing Love
That O I cannot, cannot ſoar above.

VI.

The Fire that ſhines
In Subterranean mines,
The Chryſtal'd ſtreams,

The

The sulphur rocks that glow upon
The torrid banks of *Phlegeton*;
Those footy fiends which nature keeps,
Bolted and Barred up in the deeps;
Black caves wide Chasmas which who see confess
Types of the Pit so deep, so bottomless!
These mysteries, though I fain would not be bo'd,
you to my view unfold:
Like an adjudg'd offender, to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up, that I
May so be hurried headly down, and Die.

VII.

Mention not then
The streng'th, and faculties of men;
Whose arts cannot expell
These anguishes, this bosome-Hell.
When down my aking head I lay
In hopes to slumber them away;

Per

Perchance I do beguile
Their tyranny a while,
One, or two minutes, then they throng again,
And reassault me with a trebled pain:
Nay though I sob in fetters, they
Spare me not then; perplex me each sad day,
And whom a very Turk would pity, slay.

VIII.

Hence, Hence, (my Jaylors!) Thoughts (be gone,
Let my Tranquilities alone.
Shall I embrace
A *Crocodile*, or place
My choice affections on the fatal Dart,
That stabs me to the heart?
I hate your curst proximity,
Worse than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Destiny.

A Dooms-day Thought. Aº. 1659.

Judgment! two syllables can make
The haughtiest Son of *Adam* shake:
'Tis coming, and 'twill surely come
The dawning to that *Day* of *Doom*;
O th' morning blush of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away,
Shall in their Pristine *Chaos* hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide:
'Tis not far off; methinks I see
Among the Stars some dimmer be;
Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A Neighbouring Extinguisher.
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipses vail,
Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Must sink in th' Universal Night.

When I behold a Miſt ariſe,
Strait to the ſame aſtoniſh't Eies
Th' aſcending Clouds do's repreſent
A ſcene of th' ſmoking Firmament.
Oft when I hear a bluſtring Winde
With a tempeſtuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, *Nature* in this blaſt,
Practice's how to breath her Laſt,
Or ſigh's for poor Man's miſery,
Or pant's for fair Eternity.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and ſee
Thoſe Hillocks of Mortalitie,
Where proudeſt Man is one'ly found
By a ſmall ſwelling in the Ground;
What crouds of Carcaſſes are made
Slave to the pickax and the ſpade!
Digg but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead friends ſake,
'Tis odds but in that ſcantling roome
Thou robb'ſt another of his Tombe,

Or

Or in thy delving ſmit'ſt upon
A ſhinbone, or a Cranion :
When th' Priſon's full, what next can be
But the grand Jayl Deliverie?
The great *Aſſiſe*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up it's Prey ;
When from the dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themſelves ſhall heave,
Shake off their linnen chaines, and gaze
With wonder, when the world ſhall blaze,
Then climbe the mountaines, ſcale the rocks,
Force op'e the Deep's Eternal locks,
Beſeech the Cliffs to lend an eare,
Obdurate they, and will not heare.
What? ne're a cavern ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
Obſcur'd, and paſs the reck'ning by?
No — Ther's a quick all piercing Ey
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,

Search

Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity.
What shall we do then, when the voice
Of the shrill *Trump* with strong fierce noise
Shall pierce our ears, and summon all
To th' Universe wide Judgment-Hall?
What shall we do, we cannot hide,
Nor yet that scrutiny abide:
When enlarg'd Conscience loudly speaks,
And all our bosom-secrets breaks;
When flames surround, and greedy *Hell*
Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*
With everlasting Burnings!) when
Irrevocable words shall pass on Men;
Poor naked Men, who sometimes thought
These frights perhaps would come to nought!
What shall we do? we cannot run
For Refuge, or the strict Judge shun.
'Tis too late *then* to think what course to take,
While we live here, we must Provision make.

Virtus

Virtus ſola manet, cætera mortis erunt.

I.

NUnqũam ſitivi, quæ vehit aureo
Pactolus alveo flumina; quo magis
Potatur *Hermus*, tanto avaræ
Mentis Hydrops ſitibundus ardet.

II.

FruſtrÀ caduci carceris incola
Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus
Sat oſſa poſt manes reponet;
Exiguum ſatis eſt Sepulchrum.

Nil

III.

Nil ſtemma penſo, nil titulos moror,
Ceráſve aviti ſanguinis indices,
Sunt iſta fatorum, inque *Lethes*
Naufragium patientur undis.

IV.

Ergó in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid Mens anhelas fulgura gloriæ,
Laudéſque inanes, & loquacem
Quæ populi ſedet ore, famam.

V.

Letho ſuperſtès gloria, ſomnii
Dulcedo vana eſt, fama malignior,
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.

VI.

Manſura ſector, ſola ſed invidi
Expers Sepulchri ſydera trajicit,
Spernéḿſque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generoſa Virtus.

Præ-

VII.

Præceps novorum cætera meusium
Consumet ætas, seráque temporis
Delebit annosi vetustas
Utopiæ nova Regna Lunæ.

Translated.

I.

I *Never thirsted for the Golden Flood,*
Which o're Pactolus *wealthy sands do's roule,*
From whence the Covetous mind receives no good,
But rather swells the dropsie of his Soul:

II.

On Pallaces why should I set my mind,
Imprison'd in this bodies mouldring clay?
'Ere long to poor six foot of Earth confin'd,
Whose bones must crumble at the fatal day.

III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,
Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toile;

The

The Sport of Fate, whose gaudiest Pageantry
Lethe *will wash out, dark Oblivion soyle.*

IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain would'st be at ease;
Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Ey?
Thy self with vain applause why should'st thou please,
Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from Thee!

V.

Praise after Death is but a pleasant dream,
The Dead fare ne'r the worse for ill report;
The Ghosts below know nothing of a Name,
Nor ever Popular Caresses court,

VI.

Give me the lasting Good, Vertue, *that flies*
Above the Clouds, that tramples on dull Earth,
Exempt from Fates tumultuous mutinies,
Vertue, *that cannot need a second Birth:*

All

VII.

All other things must bend their heads to Time,
By Ages mighty Torrent born away,
Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,
Or Faëry *Kingdomes in* Utopia.

The Immoveable

SONG.

I.

WHat though the Skie be clouded o're,
And Heav'ns influence ſmile no more?
Though Tempeſts riſe, and Earthquakes make
The giddy World's foundation ſhake?
A gallant breaſt contemns the feeble blow
Of angry Gods, and ſcorns what Fate can do,

What

II.

What if Alarums sounded be;
And we must face our enemy,
If Cannons bellow out a death,
Or Trumpets woo away our breath?
'Tis brave amidst the glittering Throng to die,
Nay *Sampson* like to fall with Company.

III.

Then let the Swordman domineer,
I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear;
Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire;
And when the puling fit of Life is gone,
The worst that cruel man can do, is done.

The

The Wiſh.

SONG.

I.

NOt to the Hills where Cedars move
Their cloudy heads, not to the grove
Of Myrtles in th' *Elyſian* ſhade,
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made;
Not on the ſpicy mountaines play,
Or travail to Arabia:
I aime not at the careful throne,
Which Fortune's darlings ſit upon;
No, no, the beſt this fickle world can give
Has but a litttle, little time to live.

II.

But let me ſoar, O let me flie
Beyond poor Earths benighted ey,
Beyond the pitch ſwift Eagles towre,
Above the reach of humane Power;
Above the Stars, above the way,
Whence *Phœbus* darts his piercing ray,
O let me tread thoſe Courts that are,
So bright, ſo pure, ſo bleſt, ſo fair,
As neither thou, nor I muſt never know
On Earth 'tis thither, thither would I go.

The

The Cordial.

In the year 1657.

SONG.

I.

Did you hear of the News (O the News) how it thunders!
Do but see, how the block headed Multitude (wonders!
One fumes, & stamps, & stares to think upon
What others wish as fast, Confusion.
One swears we're gone, another just a going,
While a third sits and cryes,
'Till his half blinded eyes,
Call him pitiful Rogue for so doing.

Let the tone be what 'twill that the mighty one, utter,
Let the cauſe be what 'twill why the poorer ſort mutter;
I care not what your ſtate confounders do,
Nor what the ſtout repiners undergoe:
I cannot whine at any alterations;
Let the *Swed* beat the *Dane*
Or be beaten again,
What am I in the croud of the Nations?

III.

What care I if the North and South Poles come together;
If the *Turk*, or the *Pope's Antichriſtian*, or neither;
If fine *Aſtræa* be (as *Naſo* ſaid)
From mortals in a peeviſh fancy fled:
Rome, when 'twas all on fire, her people mourning,

'Twas

'Twas an *Emperour* could ſtand
With his harp in his hand
Sing and play, while the *City* was *burning*.

Celadon *on* Delia *ſinging*.

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis ſhe,
It muſt be ſhe, for nothing leſs could move
My tuneleſs heart than ſomething from *Above*
I hate all earthly harmonie:
Hark, Hark ye *Nymphs*, and *ſatyrs* all around!
Hark how the baſled *Eccho* faints; ſee how ſhe dies
Look how the winged Quire all gaſping lye's
At the melodious ſound;
See, while ſhe ſings
How they droop and hang their wings!
Angelick *Delia* ſing no more,
Thy ſong's too great for mortal eare;
Thy charming notes wee can no longer bear:

O

O then in pity to the World give o're,
And leave us ſtupid as we were before.
Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,
Or veil thy beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice.

His Paſſions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard the lovely *Maid.*

A Character of a Belly God.

Catius and *Horace.*

Horace.

WHence *Brother* Caſe, *and whither bound ſo faſt?*

Ca. *Oh, Sir, you muſt excuſe me I'm in haſte,*
I dine with my (Lord Mayor) *and can't allow*
Time for our eating Directory *now,*

Tho'

Though I must needs confess, I think my *Rules*
Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* Fooles.

Hor. *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a crime*
To interrupt at such a nick of time;
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no Sin;
You're to say Grace e're dinner can begin;
Since you at food such Virtuoso *are,*
Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *spare.*

Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleasure t'ane in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating*;
I still have *Kitching Systems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomachs* fumes a *brain* well lin'd,

Hor. *Whence pray Sir learnt you those ingenious Arts,*
From one at home, or hyr'd from foreign parts?

Ca. No names Sir (I beseech you,) that's foul play
We ne'r name *Authors*, only what they say.
1. 'For *Eggs* chuse *long*, the *round* are out of fa-
'Unsavoury and distasteful to the Nation (shion

'Ere since the brooding *Rump* they're *addle* too,
In the long Egg lyes *Cock-a-doodle-doo.* (dry,

2. Chuse *Coleworts* planted on a soile that's
Even they are *worse for th' wetting* (verily!)

3. If friend from far shall come to visit, then
Say thou wouldst treat the wight wth mortal *Hen*
Do'nt thou forthwith pluck of the *cackling* head
And impale Corps on *Spit* assoon as dead;
For so she will be *tough* beyond all measure,
And friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure,
Steep't in good wine let her her life surrender,
O then shee'l eat most admirably tender. (best,

4. *Mushromes* that grow in meadows are the
For ought I know there's poyson in the rest.

5. He that would many happy Summers see,
Let him eat *Mulberies* fresh off the Tree,
Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for these
Shall hurt his stomack less than *Cheshire* Cheese.

6. *Anfidius* (had you done so t'had undone ye)
Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with
Honey; But

'But he did ill, to empty veines to give
'Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.

7. 'If any man to *drink* do thee in veigle in,
'Firſt whet thy *whiſtle* with ſome good *Metheglin*.

8. 'If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt
'Thou ſhalt get in no more till ſome get out,
'The *Muſcle*, or the *Cockle* will unlock
'Thy bodies *trunck*, and give a vent to *nock*;
'Some ſay that *Sorrel* Steep't in Wine will do,
'But to be ſure, put in ſome *Aloes* too.

9. 'All *ſhel-fiſh* (with the growing *Moon* increaſt)
'Are ever when ſhe fills her *Orb* the beſt;
'But for brave *Oyſters* Sir, exceeding rare,
'They are not to be met with every where;
'Your *Wall fleet Oyſters* no man will prefer
'Before the juicy Graſs-green *Colcheſter*;
'*Hungerford Crawfiſh* match me if you can,
'There's no ſuch crawlers in the Ocean. (think

10. 'Next for your Suppers, you (it may be)
'There goe's no more to't, but juſt *eat* and *drink*;

But

'But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
'To dreſs 'em well requires a man of brain;
'His *Palate* muſt be quick, and ſmart, and ſtrong,
'For ſauce, a very *Critick* in the tongue.

11. 'He that payes dear for *Fiſh*, nay though the beſt,
'May pleaſe his *Fiſhmonger* more than his *Gueſt*,
'If he be ignorant what ſauce is proper,
'There's *Machiavel* in th' *Menage* of a Supper.

12. 'For *Swines fleſh*, give me that of the *wild Boar*,
'Purſu'd and hunted all the Forreſt o're;
'He to the liberal *Oke* nere quits his love,
'And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove*;
'The *Hampſhire* Hog with Peaſe and Whey that's fed
'Sti'd up, is neither good alive nor dead.

13. 'The tendrells of the *Vine* are Sallads good
'If when they are in ſeaſon underſtood.

14. 'If ſervants to thy board a *Rabbet* bring,

'Be

'Be wise and in the first place carve a wing.

15. 'When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just age,
'A feeders curiosity t'asswage,
'If any ask, who found the Mystery?
'Let him enquire no farther, I am he.

16. 'Some fancy bread out of the Oven hot,
'Variety's the *Glutton*'s happiest lot.

17. 'Its not enough the *Wine* you have be pure,
'But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be sure.

18. 'If any fault be in the *generous Wine*,
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,
'But never strein it, nor let it pass through *linen*,
'*Wine* will be worse for that, as well as Women,

19. 'The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
'With damn'd ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,
'With *segregative* things as *Pigeons* eggs
'Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20 'An

20. ‘An ’ore-charg’d Stomack roasted *shrimps*
will ease.
The Cure by *Lettuce* is worse than the disease.
21. ‘To quicken appetite it will behoove ye
‘To feed couragiously on good *Anchovie*.
22. ‘*Westphalia Ham*, and the *Bolognia* Sawsage;
‘For second or third course will clear a passage
‘But *Lettuce* after meales! fie on’t, the Glutton
‘Had better feed upon *Ramzally*-Mutton.
23. ‘Twere worth one’s while in Palace or in
cottage,
‘Right well to know the sundry sorts of *Pottage*;
‘There is your *French* Pottage, *Nativity* broth,
‘Yet that of *Fetter lane* exceeds them both;
‘About a limb of a departed *Tup*
‘There may you see the green herbs boyling up,
‘And fat a bundance o’re the furnace floate,
‘Resembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *greenland* Boat.
24. ‘The *Kentish* Pippin’s best, I dare be bold,
‘That ever blew-cap *Costard-monger* sold.

‘25. Of

25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raiſins of the Sun*;
'I was the Firſt immortal Glory won,
'By mincing *Pickle Herrings* with theſe *Raiſins*
'And Apples; 'Twas I ſet the world a gazing,
'When once they taſted of this *Hogan* Fiſh,
'Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the diſh.

26. 'Tis ill to purchaſe great Fiſh with great matter,
'And then to ſerve it up in ſcanty platter;
'Nor is it leſſe unſeemly ſome believe,
'From Boy with *greaſy* fiſt *drink* to receive;
'But the cup foul within's enough to make
'A *ſqueamiſh* creature puke and turn up *ſtomach*.

27. 'Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flander's* Tyle,
'Theſe muſt be had too, or the Feaſt you ſpoil,
'Things little thought on, and not very dear,
'And yet how much they coſt one in a year!

28. 'Would'ſt thou rub *Alablaſter* with hands ſable,
'Or ſpred a *Diaper* cloth on dirty Table?

'more

'*More coſt, more worſhip*: Come, be *a la mode*,
'Embeliſh *Treat*, as thou wouldſt do an *Ode*.

Hor. *O learned ſir, how greedily I hear*
This elegant Diatriba *of good cheer!*
Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,
By ſturdy Chine of Beefe, *and mighty* Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me ſee*
The man that made thee this diſcovery;
For he that ſees Original's *more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill favour'd Copy;
O bring me to the man, I ſo admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth theſe ſparks of fire,*
What ſatisfaction would the viſions bring?
If ſweet the ſtream, much ſweeter is the ſpring.

The

The Advice.

SONG.

I.

Poor *Celia* once was very fair
A quick bewitching ey she had,
Moſt neatly look't her braided haire,
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad.
Upon her lip did all the *Graces* play,
And on her breaſt ten thouſand *Cupids* lay

II.

Then many a doting Lover came
From *ſeventeen* till *twenty one*,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But ſhe (forſooth) affected none,

One

One was not hanſome, t'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

III.

But t'other day it was my fate,
To walk along that way alone,
I ſaw no Coach before her gate,
But at the door I heard her moane,
She dropt a tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay
Young Ladies marry, Marry while you may!

Pſalme. 15. Paraphras'd.

VERSE. 1.

WHo ſhall approach the dread *Jehova's* Throne,
Or dwell within thy Courts O *Holy one!*
That happy man whoſe feet ſhall tread the road
Up *Sion's* hill, that holy hill of God.

VERSE.

VERSE 2.

He that's devout and ſtrict in all he does,
That through the ſinful world uprightly goes,
The deſp'rate heights fromwhence the great ones fall,
(Giddy with fame) turn not his head at all:
Stands firm on *Honours* pinacle, and ſo
Fears not the dreadful precipice below.
Of Conſcience not of Man he ſtands in awe,
Juſt to obſerve each tittle of the Law!
His words and thoughts bear not a double part,
His breaſt is open, and he ſpeaks his heart.

VERSE 3.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words,
(Deadly as venome, ſharp as two edg'd ſwords)
Murthers his friends repute, nor dares believe,
That rumour which his Neighbour's ſoul may grieve:

But with kind words embalme's his bleeding
Name,
Wipes of the ruſt, and poliſhes his fame,

VERSE IV.

He in whoſe eys the braveſt ſinners be
Extreemly vile, though rob'd in Majeſtie;
But if he ſpies a righteous man (though poor)
Him he can honour, love, admire, adore,
In *Iſrael's* humbled plains had rather ſtay,
Than in the tents of *Kedar* bare the ſway:
He that ſeverely keeps his ſacred vow,
No mental reſervation dares allow;
But what he ſwears, intends; will rather dy,
Loſe all he has, then tell a *ſolemn Ly*.

VERSE V.

He that extorts not from the needy ſoul,
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;
He whom a thouſand Empires cannot hire,

Againſt

Againſt a guiltleſs perſon to conſpire.

He that has theſe perfections, needs no more
What treaſures can be added to his ſtore:
The *Pyramids* ſhall turne to duſt, to hide
Their own vaſt bulk, and haughty Founders pride.
Leviathan ſhall dy within his deep,
The eyes of heaven cloſe in eternal ſleep;
Confuſion may o're whelm both ſea, and land
Mountains may tumble down, but he ſhall ſtand.

JOB.

FEw be the days, that feeble man must breath,
Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death:
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of it self, or is untimely mowne:
Like a thin aëry shadow does he flie,
Lengthning and shortning still until he die:
And does *Jehova* think on such a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty throne?
Will he contend with such a worthless thing,
Or dust and Ashes into judgment bring?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the womb
Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.
Surely, he cannot answer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before such purity.

A Dialogue.

Orpheus *and* Euridice.

Orpheus.

Euridice, my fair, my fair *Euridice*!
My love, my joy, my life, if ſo thou be
In *Pluto's* Kingdome anſwer me, appear
And come to thy poor *Orpheus*. —

Eur. Oh I hear
I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elizium*.
I cannot —

Or. And why wilt thou not draw near?
Is there within theſe Courts a ſhade ſo dear
As he that calls thee? —

Eur. No, there cannot be
A thing ſo lovely in mine eyes as thee.

Orph. Why comes not then *Euridice*? —

Eur. The fates
The fates forbid, and these eternal Gates
Never unbarr'd, to let a pris'ner go
Deny me passage, nay grim *Cerberus* too
Stands at the door—

Or: But cannot then
They that ore *Lethe* go, return agen?
Eur: Never oh never! —

Orp: Sure they may, let's try
If art can null the laws of Destiny.
My Layes compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree
Loosen it's roots to caper, come let's see
What thou and I can do?

Chor. Perchance the throng
Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song
And mov'd to Pity. —

Eur. Hark the hinges move—
The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come my love.

Chorus

Chorus amborum.

'Twas muſick, only muſick could un-ſpel
Helpleſſe, undone *Euridice* from Hell.

Nudus Redibo

NAked I came when I began to be
A man among the ſons of miſerie,
Tender, unarm'd, helpleſſe and quite forlorn
E're ſince 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the ſpace of a few weary dayes
Shall be expir'd, then muſt I go my wayes.
Naked I ſhall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudeſt *Monarch*'s glittering
Robe,
Or what's he more, than I, that rul'd the Globe?
Since we muſt all without diſtinction die,
And ſlumber both ſtark naked, He and I.

On the Commentaries of Meſſire Blaiſe de Montluc. *To the Worthy Tranſlator* Charles Cotton, *Eſq;*

HE that would aptly write of warlike men,
Should make his Ink of blood, a ſword his
Pen;
At leaſt he muſt their memories abuſe,
Who writes with leſs than *Maro*'s mighty Muſe:
All (Sir) that I could ſay of this great Theme
(The Brave *Montluc*) would leſſen his eſteem;
Whoſe

Whoſe Laurels too much native verdure have,
To need the Praiſes vulgar Chaplets crave:
His own bold hand, what it durſt write, durſt do,
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;
Hewd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon
Its deep and durable inſcription:

To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owes,
His ſecond Life, and Conqueſt o're his Foes,
Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,
What is a Stranger's Contribution!
Who has not ſuch a ſhare of vanity,
To dream that one, who with ſuch induſtry
Obliges all the world, can be oblig'd by me.

The Disappointment.

Pindarique Ode.

STANZA I.

OFt have I pondred in my penſive heart,
When even from my ſelf I've ſtoll'n away,
And heavily conſiderd many a day,
The cauſe of all my anguiſh, and my ſmart:
Sometimes beſides a ſhady grove,
(As dark as were my thoughts, as cloſe as was my Love)
Dejected have I walkt alone,
Acquainting ſcarce my ſelf with my own moan.
Once I reſolv'd undauntedly to hear,
What 'twas my *Paſſions* had to ſay,

To

To find the reaſon of that uproare there,
And calmly, if I could, to end the fray:
No ſooner was my reſolution known
But I was all-Confuſion;
Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Deſpair*,
Bloudy *Revenge*, and moſt ignoble *Fear*,
Now altogether clamorous were,
My breaſt a perfect *Chaös* grown,
A maſs of nameleſs things together hurld,
Like th' formleſs *Embrio* of the unborn world,
Juſt at it's rouzing from eternal night,
Before the great *Creator* ſaid, *Let there be light.*

II.

Thrice happy then are Beaſts ſaid I,
That underneath theſe pleaſant Coverts ly,
They only ſleep, and eat, and drink,
They never meditate, nor think;
Or if they do, have not the unhappy art

To

To vent the overflowings of their heart,
They without trouble live, without disorder die,
Regardless of Eternity.
I said, I would like them be wise,
And not perplex my self in vain,
Nor bite the uneasie Chain.
No no said I, I will *Philosophize*!
And all th' ill natur'd World despise:
But when I had reflected long,
And with deliberation thought
How few have practic'd, what they gravely taught,
(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous disdain,
And brave defiance in *Pindarique* Song.

III.

&c.

FINIS.